THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 9, 1800.

Character of the late celebrated M. Mallet du Pan.

[Tranſlated from the Courier de Londres.]

M. MALLET DU PAN died on Saturday, May 10th, at the Count of Lally's, at Richmond, of a conſumption; the progreſs of which was much accelerated by his labours. For a month previous to his death his friends had loſt all hopes of his recovery, and he himſelf feeling his ſtrength decline, talked of his approaching end without either oſtentation or weakneſs.

The affliction of his family and friends afforded him the ſureſt evidences of his diſſolution; he died without grief and without pain; the ſerenity of his ſoul was ſeen in his countenance: he walked as well as rode out the preceding day, and breakfaſted, as uſual, about an hour before his death. He ſeemed to feel himſelf reanimated by the ſweetneſs of the air and the beauties of nature; he talked with pleaſure of his walks, and even of the recovery of his health: but to thoſe who had frequent opportunities of cloſely obſerving him, it appeared, that he was conſcious of his own ſituation, though he wiſhed to deceive others reſpecting it; and that even to his laſt moments he called to his aid all his ſtrength of mind and goodneſs of heart, in order to alleviate his loſs as much as poſſible, to the tender family by whom he was ſurrounded and beloved. One day he ſaid to his wife and children, "If I was eaſy with regard to your fate when I ſhall be no longer with you, I ſhould die without pain."

For a month previous to his death he very attentively perused the ſermons written by M. Romilly, on Reſignation and the Immortality of the Soul.

Long before the French revolution M. Mallet du Pan was diſtinguiſhed amongſt political writers, no leſs by the extent of his knowledge and the vigour of his ſtile, than by the probity and independent ſpirit of his character.—Born of an ancient family which had for many years given magiſtrates to the republic of Geneva, and ſcholars to the republic of letters, it was in the footſteps of his forefathers that M. Mallet du Pan entered that career which he has followed with ſuch purity and honour. The principles of religion, and of ſocial order, of manners and laws, the rights of the people and of princes, the compariſon of principles and facts, the general hiſtory of mankind and of Europe in particular; ſuch were the ſubjects on which he exerciſed his pen, till the revolutionary hurricane developed all the energy and ſagacity of his mind.

His works ſince 1789 contain a very valuable collection of important facts, vigorous ideas, and profound views of the principles, means, and effects of the revolution: and certainly form the beſt picture, which has yet appeared, of the faults and crimes of that great and terrible æra. He never condeſcended to become the writer of any party nor of any government; he never wiſhed to offend nor flatter any one, and he was leſs irritated at the prejudices of which he was often the object, than at the frivolous or wicked paſſions which gave riſe to them.

During the three years ſitting of the firſt French Aſſembly, his analyſis of the debates was read throughout all Europe, and conſidered as a model of diſcuſſion no leſs luminous than impartial. For while he intrepidly attacked the phalanx of the factions, he neither diſſimulated the faults nor the exaggerations of their adverſaries. In his deteſtation of the mania for innovations, he diſplayed neither a ſuperſtition for ſupporting abuſes, nor a hatred of all reformers; and though he was not willing that the people ſhould be without a curb, neither did he admit that they were without rights.

It was a curious and affecting circumſtance to behold in France a Proteſtant writer exclaiming againſt the perſecution of the prieſts and the demolition of churches; a republican ſtruggling againſt the ſubverſion of monarchy, defending the clergy and oppreſſed nobility; and oppoſing with unremitting vigour the doctrines of real liberty, and the general good, to the ſophiſms and the licentiouſneſs of faction. So

true

true is it that probity and knowledge are ſufficient to teach a due ſubmiſſion to what ought to be ſacred, and yet to prevent the mind from abjectly bowing down beneath a yoke of ignominious ſervitude.

In 1793 the reflections which he publiſhed on the cauſes, the means, and the power of the revolution, excited much idle clamour. All well wiſhers to good order judged favourably, and events ſince that period have fully juſtified the ſuperior foreſight of his opinions.* It may with truth be ſaid, that from this time to the day of his death, all the works of M. Mallet du Pan had for their object a ſocial war which might lead with certainty to an honourable peace. The tranquillity of Europe; the happineſs of France as connected with that of other nations; the return to the great principles of order, of ſecurity, property, and liberty, occupied all his thoughts; and if his ill-health had not enfeebled him, his mind was well diſpoſed to have riſen to the higheſt pitch of his ſubject.

In the midſt of ſuch a tempeſt, of a ſcene ſo continually in motion, of an employment ſo active and extended, and under the influence of an indignation as lively, as its motive was pure; it is not to be ſuppoſed but that ſome miſtakes may have eſcaped M. Mallet du Pan's attention, but certainly no perſon was ever leſs miſled than him; and above all, no one ever wiſhed leſs than him to miſlead others.

The impreſſion made on him by the anarchy in France and all the exceſſes of popular fury, his hatred of Jacobiniſm, made all kinds of deſpotiſm ſtill more odious to him; and attached him the more firmly to the Britiſh conſtitution of which he was a paſſionate admirer. His laſt moments were ſoothed by the conſoling certainty, that the generous nation who had given him an aſylum knew alſo his value. Not only has the government promiſed a particular protection to his family, but ſome of the firſt perſonages in the kingdom have propoſed a voluntary ſubſcription for their ſupport, and have ſhewn by what qualities a ſtranger can obtain the eſteem and intereſt of Engliſhmen.

M. Mallet du Pan has left behind him a widow and five children. By the revolution he loſt his patrimony, all the fruits of his labours, all his perſonal property, his library,

* Mr. Burke uſed to ſay that when he read that work, he thought he had written it himſelf, ſo conſonant was it with all his ſentiments.

and a valuable collection of manuſcripts; amongſt which latter, was a work nearly finiſhed, on the political ſtate of France and Europe before the revolution.

Account of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Eſtabliſhment of the Royal Society, in the Reign of Charles the Second.

(Concluded from page 430.)

AMONG the mathematicians of the age, the firſt place is generally aſſigned to Dr. John Wallis. He was the ſon of a clergyman at Aſhford, in Kent, and was educated at Emmanuel-College, Cambridge. He was choſen Fellow of Queen's, in 1640, there being no vacancy in his own college, and about the ſame time entered into holy orders. He was eminent for having diſcovered the art of decyphering, and incurred ſome ſcandal after the reſtoration, for having decyphered the letters of King Charles, which were taken in the cabinet at Naſeby. In 1644 he acted as one of the Secretaries to the Aſſembly of Divines at Weſtminſter, and in 1649 was appointed Savilian Profeſſor of Geometry at Oxford. While he continued in this ſtation, he had a mathematical controverſy with Mr. Hobbes, who, however, was but a weak antagoniſt, oppoſed to Wallis. His mathematical works were conſidered of ſo much importance to ſcience, that in the year 1699 they were collected and publiſhed in Latin, by the univerſity of Oxford, in three volumes, folio, and dedicated to King William. He was not only eminent as a mathematician, but publiſhed ſome excellent works on language, the ſtudy of which led him from theory to undertake the arduous taſk of teaching the dumb to ſpeak: of his ſervices and reputation in the Royal Society we have already treated.

Next in reputation to Wallis was Dr. Seth Ward. He was born in Hertfordſhire, and educated at Sidney-College, Cambridge; he was patronized warmly by Dr. Samuel Ward, then Maſter of that college, though he was not related to him. On the commencement of the civil wars, Mr. Seth Ward voluntarily became an aſſociate in the misfortunes of his friend, whom he accompanied to priſon, and continued with him till his death; he was alſo ejected from his fellowſhip for refuſing the covenant. After leaving college, he reſided ſome time with the celebrated Oughtred, at Aldbury, in Surry, where he proſecuted his mathematical ſtudies with

with ſuch ſucceſs as laid the foundation of his future eminence. On the hopes of the royaliſt party being extinguiſhed, Mr. Ward became more accommodating to the times, and from his great reputation as a mathematician he was appointed Savilian Profeſſer of Aſtronomy at Oxford, in the room of the celebrated Greaves, diſtinguiſhed by his work on the Egyptian pyramids, who was ejected, but who had ſufficient influence to recommend Mr. Ward to be his ſucceſſor. Ward then entered himſelf of Wadham-College, from reſpect to Dr. Wilkins, who was the Warden. After the reſtoration he was ſucceſſively appointed Biſhop of Exeter and of Saliſbury. As a divine we have before ſpoken of him with commendation; as a mathematician, his excellence is ſtill acknowledged. Mr. Oughtred ſays, he was the firſt man in Cambridge who expounded his Clavis Mathematica, which he republiſhed, with additions, at the importunate deſire of the author.

Beſides theſe, we may mention, as men ſcarcely leſs eminent, the extraordinary Biſhop Wilkins, and Sir Chriſtopher Wren, of whoſe character we ſhall afterwards have occaſion to treat, when we come to ſpeak of an art which was peculiarly his own, and in which his reputation yet remains without a rival.

The ſame æra which produced the Royal Society was diſtinguiſhed by the invention of an inſtrument which has been of great importance in natural and experimental philoſophy, we mean the air-pump. It was the invention of the Hon. Robert Boyle, who was aſſiſted in perfecting the mechanical part of it by the ingenious Mr Robert Hooke, ſo eminent afterwards for his microſcopical experiments. Independent of this noble invention, there is, perhaps, not any name which deſerves to ſtand higher in the records of Engliſh philoſophy than that of Boyle.—He gave a new turn to the reſearches of chemiſtry, and directed it, from the abſurdities of the alchemiſts, to the views and purpoſes of ſound philoſophy. His experiments on air laid the foundation for that ſyſtem which is now generally received with reſpect to the general properties of that, and indeed of all other claſtic fluids. The ſoundneſs of his judgment rendered him ſuperior to all the tinſel of falſe philoſophy.—He was as adverſe to the jargon of Ariſtotle as to the reveries of the alchemiſts, and defined that faſhionable philoſophy as "having in it more of words than of things, promiſing much, and performing little."

His

His obſervations on colours were uſeful preliminaries to that beautiful ſyſtem which was afterwards perfected by the genius of Newton. There was, in ſhort, ſcarcely an intereſting topic of natural philoſophy which did not engage the attention of this indefatigable enquirer, and ſcarcely any which he did not improve. His tracts in defence of the Chriſtian religion are not the leaſt valuable of his writings; and, indeed, in every reſpect, his whole life was devoted to the glory of God, and the benefit and inſtruction of his fellow-creatures. He may with juſtice be regarded as the father of modern philoſophy.

After the name of Boyle we may mention that of Sir Kenelme Digby—

"Digby the great, the valiant, and the wiſe."

A man of a genius as active, and of acquirements as univerſal almoſt as thoſe which are aſcribed to the famous Pico, Prince of Mirandola. His philoſophy was not, however, the cool and temperate reaſoning of Boyle.—It was mingled too much with imagination, and his ſuperſtitious zeal in favour of his "ſympathetic powder," which was to be a cure for almoſt all diſeaſes, has fixed a blot on his character, which has rendered his philoſophical publications leſs objects of general attention than they deſerve.

Sir William Petty is chiefly known for his great and acknowledged ſkill in political arithmetic; yet, even this was one of the leaſt of his accompliſhments. Perhaps no man, not excepting the late Dr. Franklin, ever poſſeſſed a mind ſo happily adapted to practical and uſeful ſcience; and, indeed, he was not only one of the moſt extraordinary men of his age, but that Britain ever produced. Like the man, whom, in modern times, he moſt reſembled, Franklin, he was the ſon of a plain tradeſman, and was born at Rumſey, in Hampſhire. At a very early age he diſplayed an uncommon genius for mechanics; but after his grammar education, and ſome ſubſequent inſtruction at the univerſity of Caen, in Normandy, he was appointed to a ſituation in the navy.—But before he had arrived at the age of twenty, having ſaved about ſixty pounds, upon the ſtrength of this ſum he ſet out to travel for his improvement; and after ſpending three years abroad, and maintaining all the time his younger brother, ſuch was his great œconomy and induſtry, that he returned to England with ten pounds more than he took with him. About this time he invented an inſtrument for double writing, by which the operator was enabled to produce an accurate copy of a

manuſcript, while he was in the act of writing the original. This inſtrument has ſince been more ſucceſsfully employed in the art of drawing and deſigning. After this, he removed to Oxford, and in 1649 was created a Doctor of Phyſic. He was ſoon after appointed phyſician to the army, and was alſo phyſician to three ſucceſſive Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland. This profeſſion, however, he afterwards abandoned, and, on the diviſion of the forfeited eſtates in Ireland, was appointed to take the ſurveys, which he did with ſingular accuracy, and gained conſiderable property by his ſervices on this occaſion. After the reſtoration, he was in conſiderable favour with government, received the honour of knighthood, and was a Member both in the Engliſh and Iriſh Parliaments.—The object which moſt engaged his attention at this period was, how to improve the arts of ſhip-building and navigation; and he conſtructed a veſſel to ſail againſt wind and tide. He was one of the founders and one of the moſt active members of the Royal Society; and yet, while ſo much of his time was devoted to ſcience, his private buſineſs was more than moſt men would be able to conduct: It conſiſted in the management of a large eſtate, both in lands and buildings, in working of mines, and a conſiderable trade in lead, iron, and fiſh. His labours were crowned with extraordinary ſucceſs.—He died at the age of ſixty-five, poſſeſſed of immenſe property, and was the founder of a noble family, in which genius as well as patriotiſm ſeems to be hereditary.

Among the philoſophers of this age we may claſs moſt of thoſe who have been already noticed as the founders of the Royal Society, particularly Biſhop Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke, the friend and aſſiſtant of the illuſtrious Boyle.

It may, perhaps, be information to thoſe of the preſent day, who aſſume a name, of the real import of which they are eſſentially ignorant, that theſe real philoſophers were Chriſtians. Their learning was united with its natural concomitant, modeſty. They did not apologize for vice and impiety, becauſe they loved to practiſe them; they did not cavil at the ſcriptures, while ignorant of the very languages in which theſe ſcriptures were compoſed; or deny the God of Nature, while they were totally unacquainted with all nature's operations. Their philoſophy was not rhapſody and wild conjecture; it was the philoſophy of fact and experiment. Their labours were directed to the welfare of ſociety, and not to its undoing; they were the friends of religion, of order and good government, becauſe they were the friends of virtue and of truth.

Account

Account of the Circumſtances which attended the blowing up of the Trincomallie, and the Capture of the Ship Pearl, in October, 1799.

THE Pearl left Buſhire on the 4th of October, where they had taken in a quantity of treaſure and a packet for Bombay, and were proceeding on their voyage with light winds chiefly from the north weſt, until the 7th at half paſt eight P. M. they were ſuddenly ſurprized by the appearance of a ſhip right a head, and almoſt cloſe to them, ſhe had been lying under the Great Tomb at anchor, and had ſeen her at ſunſet, but for the land and haze they ſaw nothing of her from the Pearl; they ſoon approached ſufficiently near, when Captain Fowler hailed her; they anſwered in good Engliſh "the Swift Company's cruizer, from Bombay;" they hailed in return, when Captain Fowler anſwered "the Pearl;" they inſtantly hauled up their courſes and fired a broadſide, accompanied with muſquetry, from almoſt every part of the ſhip; ſome guns were diſcharged from the Pearl in return, after which Captain Fowler called the people to haul on board the tacks, trim the ſails, and endeavour to get away from her by hauling on a wind.

Captain Fowler took the helm himſelf, but ſhortly afterwards an 8-pound ſhot ſtruck him on the right breaſt, and killed him inſtantly; nearly at the ſame time, their main-top-ſail tye was ſhot away, the ſhip taken aback, and the Seacunnies and Laſcars quitted their ſtation, the only perſons remaining on deck being the Arab horſe-keepers; under theſe unpleaſant circumſtances, Mr. John Cramlington, who had ſucceeded to the command, was under the painful neceſſity of ſtriking, firſt taking the precaution of throwing three packets overboard which they had for government; the Pearl had three Laſcars wounded, one of whom is ſince dead; the officer was removed on board the privateer almoſt immediately, and the next day the treaſure was ſhifted, amounting in all to 110 packages, alſo the gunner and Seacunnies, whom they directly quartered to their guns; they ſeemed to be quite elated with their prize, and were determined on leaving the gulph immediately, and putting an end to their cruize. On the 10th they were off the Coins, having met with light and baffling winds; about midnight the Pearl being about two miles a head, fell in with his Majeſty's ſhip Trincomallie, Captain Rowe, accompanied by the Hon. Company's cruizer Comet, Lieutenant Forteſcue; it would

appear that they had hailed the Pearl, and probably not receiving a ſatisfactory anſwer, fired into her; this was perceived from the privateer, who immediately fired two guns in that direction, tacked and made all ſail from them, ſuppoſing one of them to be an Engliſh frigate, and concluding that the Pearl muſt certainly be re-taken; however, at day light ſhe was almoſt up with the privateer, the Trincomallie, and Comet being hull down to windward—had they fortunately captured the Pearl during the night, it would have thrown much preponderance in their favour; on the contrary it gave the Frenchmen additional courage, and they expected to have made prizes of both; at all events they made ſure of the Comet, and accordingly ſtood towards her. The Trincomallie at the ſame time bearing down.

The privateer always kept her ſteering ſail booms rigged out, with grapplings at each boom end, pulled ſweeps when it was calm, and had at times two boats a head towing, and ſeemed to depend much on boarding; about 11 A. M. on the 11th the Trincomallie and Comet came up and ſeveral broadſides were exchanged at long ſhot, without doing any damage on either ſide;—at day light on the 13th it was calm; the Trincomallie diſtant about two miles, the privateer got within gun-ſhot about three P. M. when they again began to engage, which continued till after ſix, but as before at too great a diſtance; and they could not get nearer for want of wind—during this conteſt only three ſhot ſtruck the privateer, and no one wounded on board; nor was there, as we underſtand, any killed or wounded on board his Majeſty's ſhip. A little after ſun-ſet a breeze ſpringing up, the privateer bore down towards her prize for the purpoſe of availing herſelf of her aſſiſtance, followed by the Trincomallie who ſeemed determined to bring her to cloſe action; at or about ten o'clock, a fine moon-light night, they approached ſufficiently near to engage, when a cannonade began with great fury on both ſides, and continued for about two hours with unremitting ardour: they fell on board each other, occaſioned, it is ſuppoſed, by the man at the wheel of the Trincomallie being killed; in this ſituation they lay half an hour muzzle to muzzle, the privateer having grappled, was in the act of boarding, when (whether by accident or deſign), the Trincomallie blew up, and every ſoul on board periſhed, except one Engliſhman named Thomas Dawſon, and one Laſcar, who ſerved to recite the melancholy tale. The exploſion and ſhock were ſo great, and the ſhips at that time touching, it ſtove the privateer's ſtarboard ſide in, and took

her main-maſt, mizen-maſt, and all the rigging, clear out of the ſhip. At this time the officer of the Pearl, who was on board the privateer, muſt have been in a very unpleaſant ſituation, being below two decks in the place appropriated for the wounded, which was at that time full of people, wounded in a manner too ſhocking to deſcribe; all at once from the concuſſion, the hatchways were filled with wood, the light driven out, the water ruſhing in, and no viſible paſſage on deck; he crawled towards a hole in the ſide, where the water came in, and through which the moon admitted a ſmall ray of light, which directed him to an aperture on the deck newly ſtove in, conjectured to be made by ſome of the Trincomallie's guns in the act of falling, as there was a hole in the upper deck right over it.

Through theſe he found his way upon deck, as did five or ſix others; the veſſel at this time was juſt diſappearing forwards; he ran aft as faſt as he could over the bodies of the dead and dying with which the decks were ſtrewed; he jumped overboard, and ſwam to a little diſtance to avoid the vortex of the ſinking veſſel, but on looking around ſhe was gone, and muſt have ſunk in the ſpace of four minutes from the time of her receiving the ſhock—he caught hold of a piece of wood where he remained an hour and a half before he was picked up. There were about thirty Frenchmen in the ſame ſituation. As the Pearl and Comet were engaging ſome time after the accident, neither of them had an opportunity of ſending their boats to his aſſiſtance; at length the Comet made ſail, and the Pearl being left to herſelf ſent her boats, and picked up all who were left on the wreck. The privateer according to their own account loſt about 115 men; among them her Captain, ſeven officers, doctor, boatſwain, gunner, and carpenter. A Jew who had come paſſenger in the Pearl from Buſſorah, one Seacunny, and two of the Pearl's Laſcars, were alſo drowned.—The Comet chaſed the Pearl the next day (the 13th), but could not come up with her, and the latter on the 14th anchored in Muſcat Cove.

The privateer above-mentioned was the Iphigene, Captain Malroux, from the Iſle of France, mounting 18 guns, two of them 48-pounder carronades, others eight and ſixes; had touched at Muſcat for water, and had taken nothing before ſhe fell in with the Pearl; ſhe ſeemed much crowded with men, and had, as well as we can learn, about 200 ſeamen.

By information received from ſome of the French officers, eight privateers have been fitted out this ſeaſon from the Iſle

of

of France, two of which were to cruize on the Malabar coaſt; one of them a brig, named the General Malartic, mounting 18 guns, and a remarkable faſt ſailor, the other was to have been the Iphigene. The Pearl ſailed from Muſcat for the Mauritius on the 23d, having landed all the Laſcars, Seapoys, horſekeepers, &c. keeping the gunner, carpenter, and the ſeamen ſaved from the Trincomallie.

AMYNTOR *and* ZELIDA.

A TRUE STORY.

[From Miſcellaneous Sketches, &c. by Arthur Browne, Eſq.]

MR. HUME has made a queſtion, whether ſenſibility contributes moſt to happineſs or miſery. Had Mr. Hume ſenſibility? How can it be a queſtion to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of it? Every leſſon of experience will teach them, that its offſpring is miſery.

Nature had endured Amyntor with a mind uncommonly ſanguine from his birth. Whatever he hoped he thought poſſible, and reaſon was ſeldom able to keep pace with the flights of hope. Nothing could equal the charms with which the dawn of this world may be ſaid to have broken upon his view, at the expiration of infancy. Like the morning ſeen through a light miſt, every object was magnified, and imagination wrought in the picture imperfectly beheld, nothing but the colours of beauty on the ground of happineſs. While the ſun of life was riſing, he never thought of being ſcorched in its meridian, or chilled by its departure. His ſpirits were only checked by ſenſibility, and tempered by tenderneſs, working on a diſpoſition uſually affectionate. The death of both his parents before the age of ſixteen, produced a dreadful void in the ſphere of his affection, and dryed up the channels through which they had flowed.

Misfortune, however, gave a vigour to his mind, which, perhaps it before wanted, and young ambition mixed with the purſuit of pleaſure, in ſome meaſure filled the vacuity, and made the years of minority paſs like a fleeting dream.

But when ardour was a little abated, and pleaſure began to cloy, his affections naturally looked abroad for ſome mind ſimilar to his own, that could love, and feel the joy of reciprocal affection. Long did he gaze at the brighter ſex, without meeting any congenial ſpirit, with whom he thought

happineſs could be attained, or to whom he hoped to be the inſtrument of that felicity, whoſe communication affords a delight known only to thoſe, who have felt the ſupreme pleaſure of making a beloved object happy. Admiration or deſire a thouſand times got tranſient poſſeſſion of his breaſt at the ball, the theatre, or the park. But ſteady love was ſo long before it occupied his heart, that at laſt he began to doubt its exiſtence, and to view the ſex with indifference approaching to diſguſt.

Amyntor did not then know, that amid the crowd of females, diſguſting by vanity, by folly, by temper, by apathy, there exiſted ſuperior and angelic beings, hard indeed to be found, and which a man might wander through this wilderneſs of life to its end without happening to meet, while they often happen on the worſt of mortals.

In this ſtate of mind, it was his lot to meet Zelida. The modeſt reſerve of Zelida cauſed her perfections to be leſs noticed by fools; and though ſhe poſſeſſed a graceful perſon and moſt intereſting countenance, and would have claimed from any aſſembly the appellation of a fine woman, conſcious dignity of character and unwillingneſs to protrude the excellencies ſhe poſſeſſed, left their diſcovery to obſervation more keen than that of the common crowd of beaux. Her eyes expreſſed not merely ſtrength of underſtanding and ſuavity of temper, but alſo an innocent playfulneſs, hid under natural ſhyneſs to ſtrangers, and unaffected modeſty. Like the cheerful ſun behind a ſummer cloud, diſcovering in a thouſand ſcattered lights his playful beams.

Amyntor ſaw, and for the firſt time, received in his boſom the ſhafts of love. Yet for a long time he was unconſcious of the extent of her perfections, or the exiſtence of his paſſion; he found himſelf diſcontented if he did not ſee her, and uneaſy if ſhe did not attend to him, but thought it only the common effect of agreeable converſation, and gentle manners. But when a longer acquaintance diſcovered to him the uncommon ſuperiority of her underſtanding, that happy mixture of mildneſs and of ſtrength, which was gentle innocence to all around, and yet could repreſs the impertinence of the coxcomb and the inſolence of the rake; and without either laughing at indecency, or affecting not to underſtand its tendency, could ſubdue it by the awfulneſs of virtue without the auſterity of prudery. When he perceived the unchangeable ſweetneſs of her temper,—the junction of all the playfulneſs of youth with the prudence of maturity—the mind for which ſcandal had no charms, and on which

ſmartneſs

ſmartneſs did not paſs for ſenſe; the thouſand other amiable qualities, which, concealed from the general world by her modeſty, appeared in all their force to his vigilant eye: when he found her, after continued obſervation, unlike and ſuperior to any woman he had ever ſeen, a ſuperior being, an angelic nature, he began to underſtand the nature of his ſenſations; he loved, he admired, and he adored, while ſimilarity of taſte and temper made him almoſt believe that philoſophy, which teaches that ſouls are made in pairs, and to imagine he had found the ſiſter-being caſt by nature in the ſame mould. He ſoon became ſenſible, that an union with her would conſtitute his happineſs, and the want of it his miſery. Anxiety now occupied his mind, leaſt her affections might be engaged, or at leaſt by him unattainable. Amyntor poſſeſſed not fortune; neither did Zelida; both had received an education adequate to higher rank; the very analogy of their fates was a freſh ſource of endearment. Anxiety about fortune never occurred to Amyntor; his proſpects in life were conſiderable, but if they had not been ſo, his paſſion was too ſtrong to diſcern any obſtacle but her diſlike; with trembling lips he diſcovered to her his ſentiments, and was anſwered by a flood of tears; deſpair for a moment ſeized his mind, while he was ſcarcely able to expreſs his dread that this ſymptom indicated her heart to be engaged, and if truly interpreted ſhould render him dumb for ever, with whatever conſequences to his health or peace. With a ſpirit of underſtanding ſuperior to diſguiſe, ſhe aſſured him her emotion was occaſioned only by ſurprize, and ſpoke approbation in a returning ſmile of ſoftneſs inexpreſſible.

The feelings of Amyntor were thoſe of the fluttering ſpirit unexpectedly admitted to Paradiſe; he was quickly united to his Zelida, and happineſs attended their union. Increaſing happineſs and increaſing paſſion, for every day new inſtances of affection, and more intimate knowledge of character, confirmed and augmented the enthuſiaſm of love; there was no wiſh of the one which the other did not ſtrive to anticipate, and reſpect for each others' underſtandings prompted attention to each others' opinions. Unbounded love was the parent of eternal peace, while unbounded friendſhip communicated every hope and fear. A beautiful child cemented their union, and they mutually gazed with ineffable tenderneſs on the fruit of virtuous love. Often did Zelida ſay, it is impoſſible to add to my happineſs, and often did ſhe obſerve with delight the inſtances of ſtill increaſing paſſion in her conſort. They laughed at the fooliſh

opinions

opinions of the world, that thoſe united in the marriage ſtate muſt be tired of each other, and though in company they carefully avoided that laboured fondneſs which diſguſts, yet a penetrating eye might eaſily ſee, by certain unaffected attentions, and the mode in which little ſervices were done, that they ſtill were lovers.

Two years had rolled in ſmiling round over their uninterrupted bliſs, when one day, during an evening ride, while the ſetting ſun with gentle ſoothing light illuminated the adjacent regions, Zelida paſſionately exclaimed, "Do you believe that ſun which ſeems to ſmile on our felicity, ever beheld beings more happy?" On that day ſe'nnight the ſun irradiated the firmament with equal luſtre, but ſaw no more the form of Zelida; ſhe had vaniſhed from the face of the earth, and was as thoſe who had never been; "Doſt thou ſtart who readeſt the tale?" Think then what ſudden, what unmeaſurable miſery agonized the heart of him who adored her. Dumb aſtoniſhment at firſt rendered him almoſt ſtupidly inſenſible, but when racking torture rouſed him from that torpid ſtate, if imagination can conceive the heart taken out and torn aſunder while its miſerable owner ſtill ſurvives, then, allowing for the ſuperiority of mental torment, it may form ſome conception of his ſufferings. He awoke as from a charming dream—a dream of long happineſs to come, while many a year ſhould glide away in peace and love. The ground had ſlipped from beneath his feet, and he ſaw nothing but an abyſs in which he was to ſink for ever; that his unlimited joys ſhould have vaniſhed in a moment he could not believe; it was a dream, a thing impoſſible. In the ſtill hours of darkneſs he raved of her: each morn when his broken ſlumbers ceaſed he called on Zelida, and was ſurpriſed to hear no anſwer; full oft in ſleep her form appeared alive and dreſſed in ſmiles; he graſped the viſion, and agitated woke to truth and miſery, exclaiming, "Merciful Heaven! why this ideal return to bliſs, to add freſh ſtings to anguiſh and ſuperadded torture!" Sullen deſpair ſeized his ſoul; the madneſs of grief ſucceeded: the ſight of that dear reſemblance ſhe had left behind her, her infant, her very image, made him frantic. He haunted her favourite walks; he reclined in dreadful recollection on the ſeat where he firſt told his love; he traverſed the loneſome rooms where in reading and converſation ſo many happy hours had glided away, or threw himſelf in agony on that bed where peace and happineſs had repoſed. He ſtole in the dead of the night, when none could obſerve, to Zelida's grave; he bedewed it with

his tears; he conſidered it as his only home; he talked to her in phrenzy as if ſhe breathed; he uſed the ſame expreſſions; the ſame epithets of playful tenderneſs to which ſhe had been accuſtomed; "To thee I come," he cried "my Zelida; while others fly to parties and to pleaſure, I come to thee with heartful though dreadful ſatisfaction, for what charms can I find in living ſociety? I love thee ſtill; I ſwore I would ever love thee—I will; my vow, my love is ſacred; ſoon ſhall I come again to thy chamber; how different from that which we have known, the chamber of death."

Some months after her deceaſe a vault was made, he deſcended into it, he kiſſed the coffin and ſtrewed it with roſes; alone, and in the vault with Zelida, hereafter to be their common chamber, in dreadful contraſt to that apartment of happineſs in which he had been once accuſtomed to meet her, what tongue can expreſs his feelings? They ſhook his health, and well nigh put an immediate period to his life.

Concern for his beloved child at length rouſed him from his lethargy, and time, the great phyſician, allowed reaſon to operate; the violence of his diſtraction mellowed into tender but never ceaſing remembrance. When nine long years had quieted the ſtorm which raged in his boſom, his natural turn for domeſtic life, and impatience of the gloom of ſolitude, made him gradually entertain a wiſh of having once more a home. But what were the events of his future life I never could learn, nor is it material to my preſent object, which is only to ſhow the miſery of exquiſite feeling.

Whatever was his ultimate fate, his ſufferings were owing to ſenſibility; had his heart been made of more rugged materials, though he might not have felt exquiſite pleaſure, he would not have been wretched. He would have gone through life like the common race of mortals, not coveting happineſs which he would never have known to exiſt, and indifferent to every circumſtance but ſuch as interrupted his amuſements, or affected his income.

MR. BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

To the PRINTER *of the* WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR,

THE amuſing volume entitled "An Apology for the Life of Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew, commonly called

called the King of the Beggars," was printed and publiſhed during his life time, and having been compiled from materials furniſhed by himſelf, is, and has always been underſtood to be, as authentic as it is truly entertaining. This account of him, however, goes no farther than the relation of a few of his exploits after he returned from France, whether he went for the purpoſe of making a tour through Germany, &c. but from which intention ſickneſs obliged him to deſiſt. It might be queſtioned whether hiſtory furniſhes us with the account of a perſon more extraordinary than Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew. He is a remarkable inſtance of the diverſity of the human character, and ſeems to have been a man whoſe genius was ſuch as to raiſe him to eminence in whatever way he might have choſen to direct it. The ſequel of the life of ſuch a man cannot but be matter of curioſity; and as your excellent little book, the Weekly Entertainer, is very generally read in the place which gave birth to this ſingular perſon, you would oblige many of your readers by inſerting therein a requeſt that ſome one who is acquainted with the remainder of his hiſtory, the place and time of his death, &c. would, through the medium of your publication, indulge the public therewith.

I am, Sir, &c.

A. B.

☞ The printers will conſider themſelves greatly obliged to any of their readers, who will favour them with any particulars that may tend to gratify the curioſity of the public, on the ſubject of A. B.'s letter.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT is remarkable that Cromwell and Blake, the moſt diſtinguiſhed commanders of their time, were both advanced in life before they were acquainted with arms. Cromwell was more than forty, Blake more than fifty years of age. Admiral Blake was an exalted character, of generous diſintereſtedneſs, and principled courage. A republican, rational and firm, he diſapproved of the uſurpation of the tyrant, and only ſerved againſt the enemies of his country becauſe he thought it right *whoever reigned*, to ſerve his country.

AN ANECDOTE.

KOTZEBUE, in his publication, entitled "My Flight to Paris," relates the following anecdote: "On the 29th the Royal Agricultural Society held their public ſitting. Among the prizes they awarded was a ſilver medal worth one hundred livres to Madame Rattie, the wife of a car-driver. The occaſion for which it was given affected the whole aſſembly with a pleaſing emotion.

"A child was, five years before, confided to the care of this admirable woman, of whoſe parents ſhe has never ſince heard. She has four children of her own, and an income of not more than fifty dollars, which her huſband earns by the ſweat of his brow. Often has ſhe been adviſed to ſend her little charge to the Foundling Hoſpital, but ſhe never would forſake her; and though the conſtant riſing of all the neceſſaries of life has reduced her to great ſhifts and want, ſhe has uniformly continued to do the ſame for this poor orphan as for her own children."

Anſwer, by T. Jarvis, of Malborough, to W. Maddick's Rebus, inſerted March 17.

COME lovely peace! mild-viſag'd maid!
In robes of pureſt white array'd,
Diffuſe thy influence o'er our drooping iſle;
Old ALBION's ſons with joy ſhall greet
Thy bleſt retreat, thou goddeſs ſweet!
While o'er each face is ſpread a pleaſing ſmile.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, P. Gove, R. Thomas, and W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter; John King, of Kingſbridge; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; C. N. of the Royal Miners; A. Kavanagh, near Kingſbridge; G. England, of Uplyme; E. Robins, of St. Auſtell; and J. Field, of Staverton.

An ACROSTIC, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

AN inſect, lo! my fancy ſpies,
Nimbly at his work he plies,
Teaching mortals to be wiſe.

ANAGRAM, *by Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers.*

TRANSPOSE the wide, the boundleſs ſcene,
Where awful thunders roar,
And what thereon has oft been ſeen
You quickly will explore.

Expunge a letter, and you'll find
What oft aſſiſts the lame;
And chang'd again 'twill bring to mind
A town in France well fam'd.

A LOGOGRIPHE, *by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter.*

YE wits of Goadby's pleaſing page,
Your kind attention pay,
Whilſt I before you do attempt
My pedigree to lay.

I am not ſeen in public roads
In city or in town;
But in ſome unfrequented ſpot,
Am generally found.

If from my name one-third you take,
A form devout appears;
Which third will repreſent a mark
Of rev'rence which he bears.

Part of my name, tranſpos'd aright,
A paſſion dire will ſhew;
Three beaſts; a cov'ring for the head;
What we at meal times do.

A foreign herb; a kind of ſhield;
A tax; a ſailor bold;
Part of the tackling of a horſe,
And the reverſe of cold.

Now I'm a portion of the head,
And then an inſect ſmall;
I am—but ſhould I more declare
You'll ſoon diſcover all.

So I deſiſt, and take my leave,
In confidence that you
In future Entertainer's page
My name or names will ſhew.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the DEATH *of* GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SURGE AD JUDICIUM.

WHAT ſolemn, funeral dirge aſſaults my ear?
Whence is this melancholy martial band?
Following in tears ſome much lamented bier,
With ſlow and ſolemn ſteps along the ſtrand.

Alas! this penſive, wretched train are come
To weep great Waſhington's lamented death;
To pay their laſt ſad duties to his tomb,
Who ſerv'd his country with his lateſt breath.

In him each noble virtue was combin'd,
He was indeed the guardian of his land;
Nature her gifts of body and of mind
On him had ſcatter'd with a liberal hand.

The Chriſtian, parent, hero, and the ſage,
All, all in him with chief reſplendence ſhone;
His virtues ſtrike the hearts of ev'ry age,
With power ſuperior to the noon-day ſun.

In fight his excellence he clearly prov'd,
Valiant tho' cool, and without raſhneſs brave;
He, as a parent by each man was lov'd,
To all alike his gen'rous aid he gave.

But when no more the cauſe of freedom mov'd
The hero's arm, nor call'd to deeds of war,
He ſhar'd his virtues with the wife he lov'd,
And rear'd his people with the tend'reſt care.

In him the poor a benefactor knew;
Rever'd, reſpected, by the old and young:
He to religion's cauſe was ever true,
Her glorious doctrines oft employ'd his tongue.

Oh! for immortal Gray's melodious lyre,
To paint the hero's much lamented end;
To attend with throbbing heart his fun'ral bier,
And with his ſoul to realms of light aſcend.

But no: Such themes as theſe ill ſuit my ſtrain,
A hero's end requires a nobler lay:

He

He died with hope of Heaven's eternal gain,
In the bright proſpect of a reck'ning day.

Then ſhall his virtues all divine appear,
There ſhall he ſhine the favourite of his Lord;
And the bright excellence which mark'd him here,
Meet with a full, an infinite reward.

F. N.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EVENING *and* MORNING.

WHEN day reſigns to night in grateful cloſe,
And wearied nature ſeeks a ſweet repoſe;
Ere with the world my ſinking ſenſes part,
I think of her who ſways alone my heart.

Soon as the orient ſun warns man to riſe,
And pay his morning honours to the ſkies.
Her lovely image ſtarts upon my mind,
And leaves a chaſte impreſſion long behind.

J. C.

Taviſtock.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On ſeeing ſome Boys with a Neſt of unfledged Birds.

ALAS poor bird! thy trouble was in vain
To build that fabrick with ſuch art and care;
For which you now in mournful notes complain,
And ſpend the day in ſorrow and deſpair.

Ere yet thy young could wing the azure ſky,
Or taſte the beauties of the vernal mead,
Nipp'd in the bud, unhappy birds! they die,
Condemn'd to death, in innocence array'd.

Then ſeek, ſweet warbler! ſeek ſome cloſe retreat,
Where boys no longer may thy neſt explore;
There may thy joys and comfort be compleat!
There teach thy young above the trees to ſoar!

MORTIMER HALIFAX.

EPIGRAM.

POOR Dick, when chatty and when dumb,
Still holds his wife in equal dread;
She breaks his heart if ſhe looks glum;
And if he ſpeaks ſhe breaks his head.